





Act One Scene Three

A Field in Scotland...

WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, SISTER?

KILLING SWINE.

WHAT ABOUT YOU, SISTER?

A SAILOR'S WIFE HAD CHESTNUTS IN HER LAP, AND MUNCHED AND MUNCHED AND MUNCHED:

"GIVE ME," SAID I: "GO AWAY, WITCH!" THE RUMP-FED CREATURE CRIED.

HER HUSBAND'S GONE TO ALEPPO, THE MASTER OF A SHIP: BUT IN A SIEVE I'M GOING TO SAIL, AND, LIKE A RAT WITHOUT A TAIL: I'LL DO, I'LL DO AND I'LL DO.

I'LL GIVE YOU A WIND.

YOU'RE KIND.

AND I ANOTHER.

I MYSELF HAVE ALL THE OTHER, AND THE VERY PORTS THEY BLOW, ALL DIRECTIONS THAT THEY GO ON COMPASSES AND MAPS. I'LL DRAIN HIM DRY AS HAY: HE WON'T SLEEP NIGHT OR DAY.

WEARY SEVEN-NIGHTS AND OVER TIME, SHALL HE DWINDLE, PEAK, AND PINE: THOUGH HIS SHIP CANNOT BE LOST, IT SHALL BY WIND BE TEMPEST-TOSS'D.

LOOK WHAT I HAVE.

SHOW ME, SHOW ME!

HERE I HAVE A PILOT'S THUMB, SHIPWRECKED, AS HOMEWARD HE DID COME.

A DRUM, A DRUM! MACBETH DOES COME.

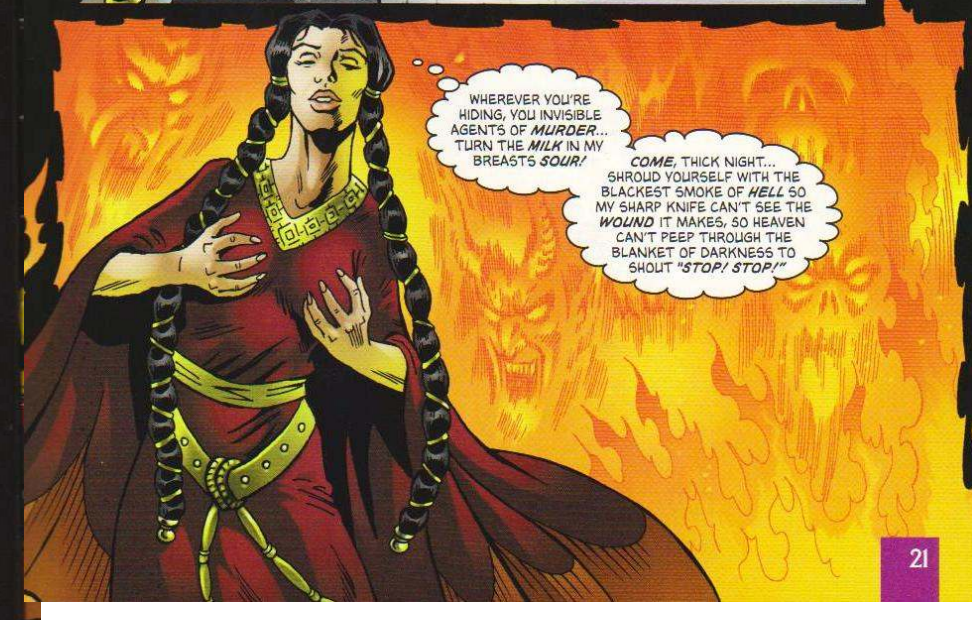
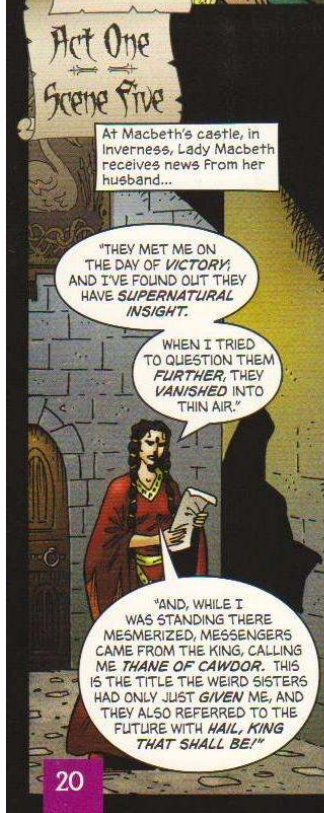
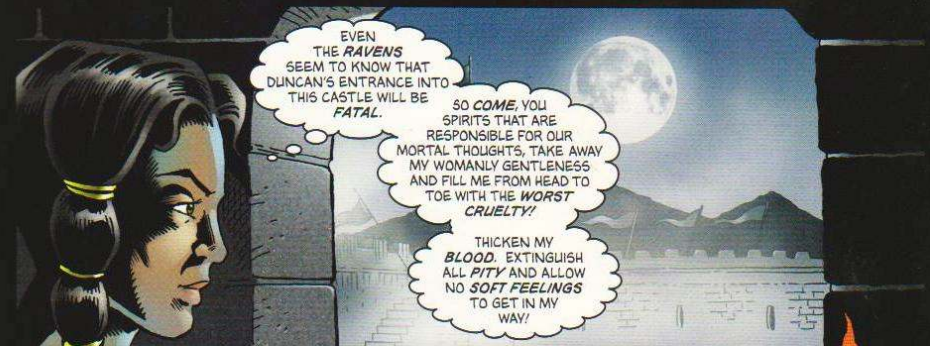
THE WEIRD SISTERS, HAND IN HAND, TRAVELLERS OVER SEA AND LAND, THUS DO GO ABOUT, ABOUT: THRICE TO THINE AND THRICE TO MINE, AND THRICE AGAIN, TO MAKE UP NINE.

PEACE! -- THE SPELL'S PREPARED.









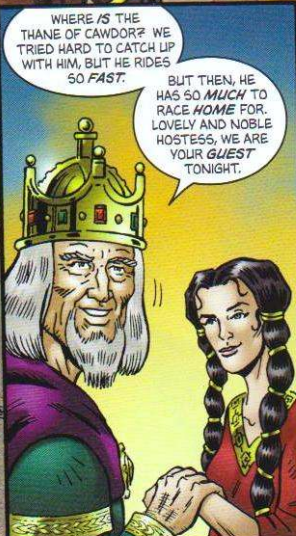




LOOK! OUR HONORABLE *HOSTESS*! THEY LOVE US SO MUCH AND GO TO SUCH GREAT LENGTHS TO MAKE US WELCOME. THIS IS HOW GUESTS *SHOULD* BE GREETED, AND I REALLY APPRECIATE IT.



DOUBLE *EVERYTHING* WE CAN DO, THEN DOUBLE IT AGAIN -- AND IT *STILL* WOULDN'T BE ENOUGH TO SHOW OUR GRATITUDE FOR THE GREAT *HONORS* YOUR MAJESTY HAS BESTOWED UPON US. WE'RE DEEPLY IN YOUR DEBT FOR EVERYTHING YOU'VE GIVEN US IN THE PAST, AND NOW FOR THIS *NEW* PRESTIGE AS WELL.



WHERE *IS* THE THANE OF CAWDOR? WE TRIED HARD TO CATCH UP WITH HIM, BUT HE RIDES SO FAST.

BUT THEN, HE HAS SO *MUCH* TO RACE *HOME* FOR. LOVELY AND NOBLE *HOSTESS*, WE ARE YOUR *GUEST* TONIGHT.



WE ARE YOUR SERVANTS *FOREVER*. EVERYTHING IN OUR HOME IS *YOURS*.

GIVE ME YOUR HAND. TAKE ME TO MY *HOST*. WE LOVE HIM MOST DEARLY AND WE SHALL *CONTINUE* OUR FAVORS TO HIM. IF YOU *PLEASE*, *HOSTESS*.



Act One Scene Seven

An evening banquet in honor of the King...



IF IT'S GOING TO BE DONE, THEN IT'S AS WELL IT WAS DONE *QUICKLY*. IF THE ASSASSINATION COULD ALSO KILL THE *CONSEQUENCES*. IF *SUCCESS* WERE THE ONLY END RESULT AND THE KILLING BLOW WERE THE *BE-ALL* AND THE *END-ALL*... HERE AND NOW, ON THIS EARTH. IF WE COULD SKIP THE *REPERCUSSIONS* OF THE *LIFE* TO COME...



BUT THINGS LIKE THIS ARE *AGAINST THE LAW*. THE BLOODY LAW WE *OURSELVES* MAKE... AND, HAVING MADE IT, IT COMES BACK TO *PLAGUE* US. THIS EVEN-HANDED JUSTICE PUSHES THE CONTENTS OF OUR POISONED CHALICE TO OUR *OWN LIPS*.



THE KING HAS TWO REASONS TO TRUST ME. FIRSTLY, I'M HIS *COUSIN* AND HIS *SUBJECT*, BOTH POWERFUL ARGUMENTS AGAINST ANY WRONGDOING. THEN, AS HIS *HOST* I'M THE ONE WHO SHOULD BE *PREVENTING* HIS MURDER, NOT WIELDING THE KNIFE *MYSELF*.



BESIDES, THIS DUNCAN'S A *GENTLE* MAN. HE'S SUCH A GOOD KING THAT HIS *VIRTUES* WILL PLEAD FOR HIS LIFE WITH THE VOICES OF *ANGELS*.

THE DREADFUL DEED WILL BE SEEN BY EVERYBODY. AND THERE'LL BE SUCH *OUTRAGE* AT HIS MURDER THAT THE NATION'S *TEARS* WILL FLOW IN *TORRENTS*.



THERE'S NO OTHER MOTIVATION TO DO THIS... ONLY THE KIND OF *SOARING AMBITION* THAT'S IN DANGER OF *OVERREACHING* ITSELF AND BRINGING ME TO *GRIEF*.



HE'S ALMOST FINISHED EATING. WHY HAVE YOU LEFT THE DINING HALL?

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

HAS HE ASKED FOR ME?

OF COURSE HE HAS!



WE WON'T GO ANY FURTHER WITH THIS BUSINESS. HE'S JUST MADE ME **THANE OF CAWDOR** AND EVERYONE IS **PRaising** ME. THIS NEW RESPECT SHOULD BE **ENJOYED** NOW AND NOT **THROWN AWAY** SO SOON.

WHAT ABOUT THE **HOPES** YOU HAD BEFORE? DID IT GET **DRUNK** AND **FALL ASLEEP**? IS IT **WAKING UP** NOW, SICK AND AFRAID OF WHAT IT **OPENLY WANTED**? FROM NOW ON I'LL VALUE YOUR LOVE LESS.



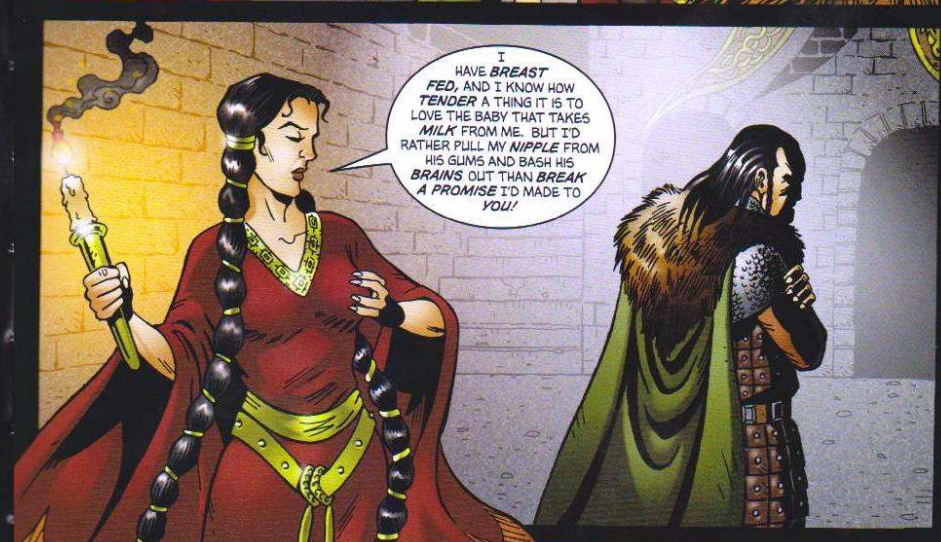
ARE YOU AFRAID TO LET YOUR **ACTIONS** SPEAK LOUDER THAN YOUR **DESIRES**? TO BE REMEMBERED JUST FOR YOUR **SELF-RESPECT**? TO **WALLOW** IN IT AND LIVE LIKE A **COWARD**, SAYING "I'M AFRAID TO" RATHER THAN "I WILL" LIKE THE POOR **CAT** IN THE **PROVERB**, WHO WANTED TO EAT **FISH** WITHOUT GETTING HIS **FEET** WET?



STOP! LEAVE ME ALONE! I'M NOT AFRAID TO DO ANYTHING THAT BEFITS A **MAN** -- BUT ANYONE WHO DARES TO DO **MORE** THAN THAT IS AN **ANIMAL**!

SO WHAT **ANIMAL** MADE YOU BREAK YOUR **PROMISE** TO ME? WHEN YOU DARED TO DO IT, THEN YOU WERE A **MAN**. AND, IF YOU WERE **KING**, YOU'D BE EVEN **MORE** OF A **MAN**. TIME AND PLACE DIDN'T **MATTER** THEN, BUT NOW YOU'RE MAKING **EXCUSES**.

NOW THERE IS NOTHING BUT **EXCUSES** AND THAT WILL BE YOUR **UNDOING**.



I HAVE **BREAST FED**, AND I KNOW HOW **TENDER** A THING IT IS TO LOVE THE BABY THAT TAKES **MILK** FROM ME. BUT I'D RATHER PULL MY **NIPPLE** FROM HIS GUMS AND BASH HIS **BRAINS** OUT THAN **BREAK A PROMISE** I'D MADE TO YOU!



WHAT IF WE **FAIL**?

THEN WE **FAIL**! BUT IF YOU KEEP YOUR **NERVE**, WE WON'T **FAIL**.



WHEN DUNCAN'S ASLEEP, WHICH SHOULDN'T TAKE LONG AFTER THE JOURNEY HE'S HAD, I'LL MAKE SURE HIS TWO ATTENDANTS ARE SO DRUNK THAT THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO REMEMBER A THING. AND, WHEN THEY'RE SLEEPING LIKE PIGS, IN THEIR DRUNKEN STATE, WE CAN DO WHAT WE LIKE TO THE UNGUARDED DUNCAN.



AND WE CAN BLAME IT ALL ON THE DRUNKEN GUARDS, WHO'LL TAKE THE GUILT FOR WHAT WE DO.

GIVE BIRTH TO BOYS ONLY: YOU'RE SO TOUGH THAT YOU SHOULD MAKE NOTHING BUT MALES.

IT HAS TO BE BELIEVED THAT HIS OWN PEOPLE DID IT, SO WE'LL USE THEIR DAGGERS AND SMEAR THEIR BODIES WITH HIS BLOOD.



WHO'D DARE BELIEVE ANYTHING ELSE, AFTER THE SHOW OF OUTRAGE AND GRIEF WE'LL MAKE ABOUT HIS DEATH?

I'M READY. MY WHOLE BODY IS READY TO DO THIS. LET'S GET BACK AND PUT ON OUR ACT. OUR FACES HAVE TO HIDE WHAT'S IN OUR HEARTS.